

EVERY OTHER SUNDAY

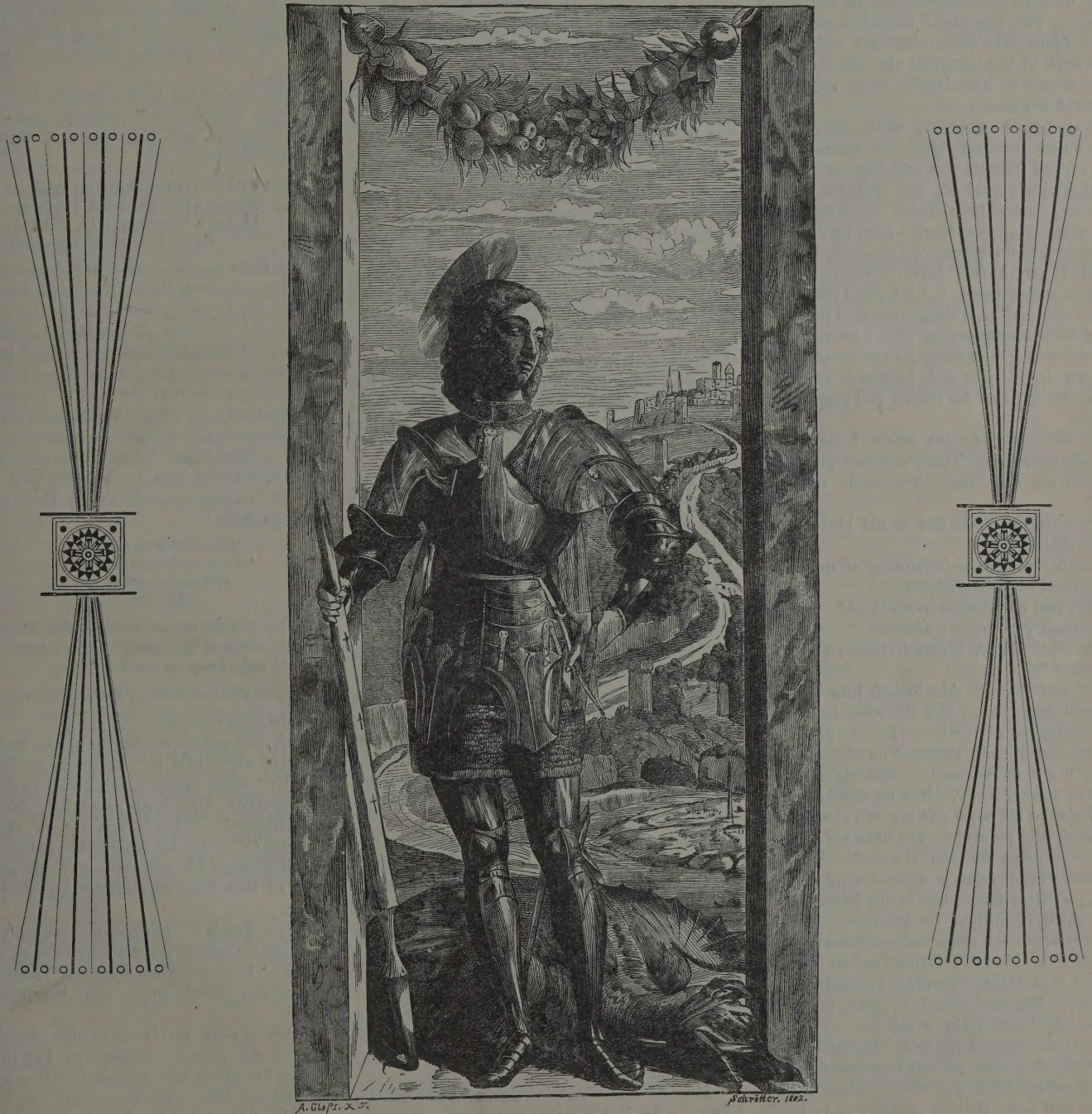
CORTHELL SC.

A PAPER FOR THE SUNDAY SCHOOL AND THE HOME.

VOL. V.—No. 16.

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SAINT GEORGE.

FROM A PAINTING BY ANDREA MANTEGNA, AN ARTIST OF THE FIFTEENTH CENTURY.

TEDDY'S HEAVENLY VOICES.

BY REV. J. F. COWAN.



HUD, thud, thud," down the icy street thumped the crutch of a crippled boy. And the dull sound was the only one to break the stillness of the clear, cold night—oh, no; there was its echo to keep it company.

Presently there was another and fainter sound, — a merrier one, too. "Dollar an' a quarter, clear chink," Teddy was saying to himself as he jingled the change in his pocket; "but the trains were all late, an' I'll miss the night-school."

Pretty soon there came, from the opposite direction, an answer to Teddy's "tramp, tramp, tramp;" but the "tramp" of a boot was not alternated by the "thud" of a crutch, and the step was quicker and sharper.

Nearer and nearer together they came; one answering back to the other's ring on the frosty pavement. The two night travellers were just about to brush past each other, the one on his hurried walk to the cars, and the other anxious for the shelter of the Home, when something unexpected happened.

The stranger's umbrella, which he carried loosely under his arm while he buttoned his gloves, slipped from its rest and shot as straight between Teddy's good leg and Teddy's wooden leg as though it had been aimed. In a second he was as neatly tripped as though done by the hand of the most skilful trickster of Ragmuffin Row.

"Hello! Not hurt I hope?" exclaimed the gentleman, solicitously. "A cripple, I declare;" and the voice took on a deeper touch of interest.

"Nothin' the matter with me; I git too many knocks fer sech a little thing ter faze me." And Teddy was on his feet with incredible spryness, brushing the snow off his clothes and rearranging his papers.

"You have had one too many, I fear," said the gentleman, eying Teddy's crutch pityingly; "and you are cold, too. You ought to be at home."

"I'm a-makin' fer it, fast as old hickory peg can take me."

"What are your parents thinking of to let you be so exposed on such a night?"

"Never had no parients to speak of."

"But about your home; where—"

"Newsboys' Home, S'teenth Street an' Ragmuffin Row."

"Oh," and the eye that looked into Teddy's grew moist and tender, and the voice took on a tone of unfeigned sympathy; "I—" Just then the whistle of a train shrieked on the air, and gripping his umbrella and satchel tighter, the gentleman started away. But he checked himself to hold out his hand and say, "Take this for the tumble; and remember, you have a Father in heaven who cares for you always." And the next minute he was out of sight, leaving Teddy clutching a silver half-dollar in his hand, and a strange thrill of feeling in his heart that the earnest, sympathetic voice had awakened.

"Halfer, sure shot! I'll stand an' be tumbled all day at that price. Tumbles is a-goin' up I should say. But that sounded mighty queer, — what he said 'bout havin' a father."

It had not sounded queer to Teddy because this was the first time he had ever heard it; for at the night-school in the Home, Miss Dorcas Blublaze had been striving in her way to inculcate the saving truths of Christianity in Teddy's benighted mind,—that is about the way Miss Dorcas herself would have put it.

I said, "in her way." I will not affirm that the fact she had never been able to make the slightest scratch of a good impression, while the few words from the warm heart of this stranger had made a deep one, was owing to her way; but then the fact remained that, believing herself to represent the salt of the earth, and Teddy the poor perishing mortality that was to be saved by the aforesaid salt, she was decidedly of the opinion that the saltier the salt administered, and the harder it was rubbed on, and the more it smarted, the more efficacious it was. I am not sure but saltpetre would have nearer met her ideas of what was required in Teddy's case.

"Ef I've any sich kin," Teddy went on in his mind, "pears like it's the thing to get 'quainted. I'd like to axed him how. At the night-school they tell you things like that; but it can't be the same, fer she never said it that way. I've been neglectin' my eddication lately, though, an' one of these days I won't know how to sign my own bank checks;" and Teddy laughed a comical laugh at the idea of that ever causing him great inconvenience.

Whether it was anxiety about his future bank account, or a secret hope of getting some clew to this new relationship, Teddy was at the school next night, but Miss Dorcas, with her two hundred and odd pounds of well-seasoned orthodox activity for the benighted, was not. In her place was a demure, rosy little lass, whom Jack Markis declared he could tuck away in his vest-pocket like a tooth-pick, only he might lose her.

"Jest my luck," quoth Teddy; "what'll such a dolly-face know 'bout what he said? Might as well turn my attention to wood-carvin'." And he began to whet his knife on his shoe-upper (what there was of it), preparatory to ornamenting the desk with large Roman letters in bas-relief. But something made him change his mind. It was something that he saw in the young substitute teacher's hand, — a beautiful, fragrant rose, just cut from the hot-house.

Had you, a moment before, predicted that he would hold such a thing in his hand, he would have wanted to know if you took him for a "gilly." But that is just what came to pass. As the young lady began to remove her gloves, she glanced about for some place to lay the rosebud. There was a little interrogatory uplifting of her eye-brows as her gaze met Teddy's, a smile that showed white teeth and three dimples, an extended hand, and it was all done.

Teddy held the flower pretty much as he might have done an infant — as awkwardly, I mean.

"Lovely, is n't it?" she asked, resuming possession of her property with a nod of thanks, and holding it first under Teddy's nose and then her own.

"Reg'lar stunner; an' loud, too."

"Loud?"

"Yes, smells, you know."

"Oh," with a bright flash of comprehension; "I'm so stupid sometimes. Yes, that is the only way it has of saying 'thank-you' to the Father for making it so beautiful; it's a voice is n't it?"

"The father!" repeated Teddy, bewildered, but bold, all embarrassment having melted under her frank, cordial manner; "they ain't no father to posies an' sich, is they?"

"Of course; the Father of us all, — your Father and mine."

"Mine?" and Teddy's voice rose with his interest. "By jockey! that's the very thing he said, too, — that I had a father up yonder; but his train was leavin', an' I had n't time to ax him how he knowed. 'I aint all gammon, then?'"

"All — Oh, beg your pardon. No, really and truly it is so."

"Whew!" whistled Teddy, long and sharp.

"And his voices speak to us in everything; this flower, even, is a message of love, and says that he wants us to be happy."

"Mebbe so, to them as has 'em. I'd rather hear it with my ears."

"But you shall have it, Teddy, and I hope the other voice, too." And when she left, the rosebud stayed with Teddy, carefully deposited in an inner pocket and buttoned in.

"She said this here war a voice," he muttered to himself as he dropped down on a flight of stone steps, during a lull in his business next day, and carefully drew the rosebud from his pocket for the twentieth time since it became his. "She said there war more voices, but I haint heard — Jingo! but that's fine!" And he leaned his head against a pillar and strained his ears to catch a sound, — the swelling chorus of an anthem from the choir within, — which floated through an open door. It was "practice afternoon" in Unity Church.

There was a hush in the sounds, and only the low organ interlude for a moment, and then one voice, so sweet and clear and full of tenderest passion, chanted: —

"Like as a father pitieth his children;
Like as a father pitieth his children;
Like as a father pitieth his children;
So the Lord pitieth them that —"

Just then some careful hand closed the door, and shut out from Teddy's strained hearing the rest of the heavenly voice. "Jiminy, ef she'd only a said the rest! It sounded jest like what he said, an' Miss Rosebud, too. But I guess it's the folks as comes here in kerredges as is meant, an' not chaps like me; the kind of people as has the spondulix to plank down fer these fells." And he gave the rumpled rosebud a caressing touch. "Poor chap," he said half pityingly; "it don't agree with you to 'sociate with my set. You're his, but not sich as — Hello! There she goes ag'in!"

"His tender care is over all,
His tender care is over all,
His tender care is over all
His creatures."

Teddy caught up the strain again through the friendly crack of the door. "She's a-comin' cloc't; if she'd only keep on until —"

"And despiseth nothing that he hath made."

And the singer paused.

"My, that strikes me like as ef she had a-sung 'Teddy' right into it," he murmured softly to himself; "what makes a feller feel so queer an' spooney like? Drat it, it's a rainin'. No 't aint; it's a freezin'. What's that wet an' shinin' on my posy?" And he dashed his hand half resentfully across his eyes, to remove the offending cause of that drop of moisture on his precious flower.

"Why Teddy!" exclaimed a sweet voice at his elbow; "are n't you freezing here on the cold steps?" It was "Miss Rosebud" standing by him on the church steps, and the singing had ceased.

Teddy sprang up in unfeigned delight, not noticing the presence of any one but the lady. Almost breathless he exclaimed, "It's all come true, Miss — Miss — Rosebud, what you said an' what he said, an' I've heard the voices — in there."

"In there? Oh, yes; and it told you of your Father. I'm so glad you know it now."

"And I suppose I am the 'he'," broke in a masculine voice, the kindly ring of which Teddy remembered. "And we'll thank old hickory peg for the beginning of this. You see I have n't forgotten you."

And there came other and still more heavenly voices to Teddy, to bring the poor crippled news-boy nearer and nearer to the heart of Divine Love; but this is the way Teddy first heard the heavenly voices.

WHAT IS THE "VIM CLUB"?

An Open Letter to F. G. by the President.

MY DEAR BOY,—The editors of EVERY OTHER SUNDAY have forwarded your note to me. I am so fond of boys, and so glad to help them whenever I can, that I answer letters from them when grown-up people are sometimes neglected. It is absolutely impossible for authors to reply to *all* the letters sent them. Some people write us about their private troubles, others want to beg from us, and hundreds ask for autographs. When the boys and girls write, it is generally in order to earn something; consequently their letters are considered first.

You are not the only boy who has written about our "Vim Club." It seems to be finding friends all over the country. It began in this way. The President of the Club was a teacher in a certain Sunday-school which had a long vacation; and as many of the boys and girls belonging to this school could not go out of town, the Sundays were tiresome to them. I thought about the matter a little, and asked myself how I could make Sunday a profitable and delightful day to them.

In my old-fashioned garden there was a clump of trees which we called The Bower. The trees had grown up in a kind of circle from small twigs. This Bower was a favorite place of mine on summer Sundays, and the seats in it were low and comfortable. I asked six boys and girls to come and read with me every Sunday afternoon. If the weather was pleasant, we would read in our leafy arbor; if not, in my study. The young people came; and after a time the class grew too large for our arbor, and we met in a tent, which was presented to the youngest member of the club on his eighth birthday. I usually read to them, and explained the subject; but every one could ask questions, and we were like a little family. One of the boys was inclined to be a little lazy; and one day, in a playful mood, we told him he lacked *vim*, or *energy*. Then we began to hunt up the meaning of "vim," and also of the Latin word *viminal* (consisting of twigs).

"That is not a bad name for our Club," said one of the group; "we are shoots, or twigs, and our teacher is always asking us to do with all our might whatever we have to do."

When the long school vacation came again, several of the group went away with their parents, while others joined the President and her family in a camp among the pine woods five miles from the city. We made it a rule to *learn something every day*. If a queer stone was found, we were all interested in geology. If the boy who was interested in natural history discovered a snake, he made a special study of that with those who cared for such things. Even the fish which we caught were carefully examined, and every flower and shrub made us understand better the great world we were living in. The boys and girls of that camping party are now grown up, and are

useful men and women; but the "Vim Club" still lives, and has extended its work. Some of the boys and girls who live at a distance are still honorary members of the "old Vim." The object, you see, is mutual help, and a desire to cultivate all one's faculties, besides enjoying a good time.

Fathers and mothers are generally glad to have their children where they can enjoy pure air, plenty of healthful exercise, and still be learning something about the world they live in. Every member of the original Club learned to ride, drive, boat, shoot, and practise gymnastics. It was a part of our unwritten constitution to *fear nothing but evil, and enjoy all that is good*.

If you, or any other boy, will form a club with this motto, I shall always be glad to consider such a club a child of our old one, and shall be especially pleased to hear on the first day of each New Year a report of the work done.

Wishing you all success and happiness, I am sincerely your friend,

KATE TANNATT WOODS,

President of the "Vim Club."

SAINT GEORGE AND THE DRAGON.

(See Frontispiece.)

SAINT GEORGE, the "warrior martyr" and patron saint of England, was a native of Cappadocia, in Asia Minor. He lived in the time of the Roman emperor Diocletian, and was a tribune in his army. The story of his conquest of the dragon, which is said to have taken place near the modern Beyrout, in Syria, is as follows:—

On his way to join his legion, he came to a city whose inhabitants were in great fear of a terrible dragon, whose breath so poisoned the air that all who breathed it died. The monster had devoured all the flocks and herds, and the inhabitants were then sending out two children daily to satisfy his hunger and keep him at a distance. These children were chosen by lot; and it chanced on that day that the king's daughter, Cleodolinda, was chosen. Saint George met her, as with many tears, though brave at heart, she was going to her death. He asked the cause of her trouble, which she told, with many prayers to him to flee from the monster. "But Saint George, making the sign of the cross, rushed to combat with the monster. The struggle was terrible, but at length the dragon was pinned to the earth by the lance of the brave knight. He then bound the dragon with the girdle of the princess, and giving it to her, she was able to lead the conquered beast like a dog. In this manner they approached the city. The people were filled with fear; but Saint George cried out, 'Fear nothing! Only believe in the God through whose might I have conquered this adversary, and be baptized, and I will destroy him before your eyes.' And in that day were twenty thousand people baptized. After this Saint George slew the dragon and cut off his head. Then the king gave him great treasures; but he gave all to the poor; . . . and he went on his way towards Palestine."

Reaching his legion, he learned that Diocletian had issued an edict for the persecution of the Christians. This edict he tore down and trampled in the dust, for doing which he was condemned to torture and death. For eight days he suffered tortures too horrible to relate, and was finally beheaded, meeting death with joy and courage.

Saint George has been greatly venerated. The Greeks call him the Great Martyr, and he is revered by the Mahometans. The Hellespont was called after him "George's Arm;" and a town in Cappadocia, which claimed his birth, changed its name to "Georgia." Constantine the Great built a church over his tomb, and converted a temple of Juno in Constantinople into a church of Saint George. In England, Canute founded a monastery, and William the Conqueror a church, in his honor. A council, held at Oxford in 1222, appointed Saint George's day, October 27, as a national holiday; and Edward III. in 1350 made him the patron saint of the Order of the Garter. There is also an order of knighthood named for him in both Russia and Austria. The honor paid to him was sanctioned by the Pope in 494. He is not only the patron saint of England, but of Arragon, Portugal, Genoa, and Russia.

History and Biography.

JOHN WICKLIFFE.

BY EVELYN S. FOSTER.

I LISTENED to a fine lecture, some months ago, given in the quaint Old South Church of Boston. The subject of the lecture was John Wickliffe, whom the speaker pronounced to have been one of the greatest of Englishmen. All should make the acquaintance of John Wickliffe. He lived away back in the fourteenth century, and was born in the little village of Wickliffe, near Richmond, in the northern part of Yorkshire. Not much is known of the story of his childhood or youth; but as the years went on, we know that his life became a very busy one, and that in it great things were accomplished. The greatest was the translation of the Old and New Testaments from the Latin language, giving the Bible to the people in their own English tongue. This work was done in the latter part of his life, with the assistance of his friends. The language in which Wickliffe wrote, like the language of Caedmon and Bede, seems odd and quaint to our unaccustomed eyes. Here are some of the beatitudes from his translation:—

Blessid be pore men in spirit, for the kingdom of hevenes is herein.

Blessid ben mylde men, for thei schulen weelde the erthe.

Blessid ben thei that mournen, for thei schal be coumfortid.

Blessid be thei that hungren and thirsten rightwisnesse, for thei schal be fulfilled.

Blessid ben merciful men, for thei schal gete mercy.

Blessid ben thei of clene herte, for thei schulen se god.

Blessid ben pesible men, for thei schulen be clipid goddis children.

It is to Wickliffe that we owe much of the beauty and strength of the English language. Wickliffe's translation of the Bible was the basis of King James's version.

Wickliffe was also a great reformer, and has been called "the forerunner of Martin Luther" and "Luther's spiritual father." He was also eminent as a lecturer and preacher. He was, at one time, the chaplain of King Edward III. The good Queen Philippa was his friend; the king's son, John of Gaunt, was also his friend. He lived in the same age as Geoffrey Chaucer, who wrote the "Canterbury Tales." He had many followers, who were called Wickliffites and Lollards.

It has been said that Wickliffe was a frail man, accomplishing his great work without the aid of abounding health; for this reason the story of his life becomes an encouragement to those who feel in their hearts a great wish to be noble and to do noble things, but are constantly hampered by a lack of strength. He died in 1384 of a stroke of palsy. His enemies rejoiced at his death, and thirty years after ordered his body to be disinterred and his ashes scattered. The order was obeyed and his ashes were cast into a brook near by, that flowed into the Avon River. Fuller, an old historian, wrote of the event in this way: "And thus this brook did convey his ashes into the Avon, Avon into the Severn, Severn into the narrow sea, and this into the wide ocean. And so the ashes of Wickliffe are the emblems of his doctrine, which is now dispersed all the world over."

THERE is transcendent power in example. We reform others unconsciously when we walk up rightly. — *Mme. Swetchine.*

Our Letter-Box.

THE Editor acknowledges letters with correct answers to the enigmas, from E. B. Farrow, Mamie E. Lippitt, and Helen Marland.

TEMPLETON, MASS.

DEAR EVERY OTHER SUNDAY, — Seeing an application in one of your numbers for a King's Move puzzle, I thought I would send you one which you might print. I enjoy the puzzles in the Letter-Box very much, but I wish there could be less enigmas and more letters and other kinds of puzzles in it. I think this is a very queer winter. We have had but one good sleighing-time during the whole winter, and very little coasting. I like to skate and coast very much; but skating is the nicest, I think, as one has no sled to pull up the hill. I like your stories very much, but I wish you had small illustrating pictures in the columns. Could n't you have some once in a while? My school closed yesterday for a vacation of ten weeks, — a vacation which I think is lovely, but which is also very queer. At school I study history, geography, reading, arithmetic, language, and spelling. I like history and some parts of arithmetic best. In history I was studying about the War of 1812, which I think is very interesting, though I do not like it as well as the Revolution. I wish there were more continued stories in the EVERY OTHER SUNDAY.

Yours respectfully,

WILLIAM N. SEAVER.

KING'S MOVE PUZZLE.

1 M	2 R	3 L	4 E	5 L	6 D	7 N	8 E
9 T	10 A	11 E	12 O	13 A	14 R	15 T	16 T
17 C	18 I	19 M	20 P	21 H	22 N	23 K	24 I
25 N	26 O	27 B	28 Y	29 T	30 O	31 E	32 W
33 H	34 W	35 R	36 S	37 I	38 L	39 P	40 A
41 B	42 A	43 C	44 E	45 G	46 U	47 H	48 E
49 B	50 T	51 V	52 D	53 M	54 E	55 N	56 O
57 T	58 I	59 O	60 G	61 E	62 I	63 R	64 D

The above sixty-four squares contain a number of names of animals and birds (fishes not allowed) which may be spelled out by what is known in chess as the "King's Move," which is moving one square at a time in any direction. The same square is not to be used twice in any one word. In sending answers, indicate the squares by their numbers: as "Martin," — 1, 10, 2, 9, 18, 25. Who will send the Editor the greatest number?

DEAR MR. EDITOR, — I go to the First Unitarian Church in Cambridge. I take the EVERY OTHER SUNDAY in Sunday-school. I enjoy the paper very much, and always try to make out the Enigmas. I have a cat named Peter. He is very playful. He likes best to run around after a string. Sometimes he gets into the wastebasket and goes to sleep; but he doesn't find it very comfortable, it is so small. He has double claws, and is a very good mouser. He can shake hands, too. Don't you think he is a nice pet to have? Will you please tell me what a King's Move puzzle is? I hope you will publish this letter.

From your devoted reader,

JUANITA D. WELLS.

ENIGMA XXX.

My first is in stick, but not in log;
My second is in yak, but not in dog;
My third is in cock, but not in hen;
My fourth is in Mabel, but not in Ben;
My fifth is in post, but not in stake;
My sixth is in pan, but not in bake;
My seventh is in hand, also in heart;
My eighth is in whole, but not in part;
My ninth is in dozen, also in done;
My tenth is in hundred-weight, but not in ton;
My eleventh is in star, also in car;
My whole is something instructive.

BENSON B. PRIEST, age 13.

ENIGMA XXXI.

I AM composed of twelve letters.
My 2, 3, is a personal pronoun.
My 2, 3, 6, is a domestic animal.
My 5, 7, 1, 10, 3, is opposite to tie.
My 11, 10, 12, is what most people have to do at the end of life.
My 4, 5, 7, is what we want on a rainy day.
My 10, 9, is a verb.
My 8, 3, 9, is opposite to no.
My whole is a song-book which is used in many families and Sunday-schools.

BERTIE SPRAGUE.

ENIGMA XXXII.

I AM composed of eleven letters.
My 2, 3, 5, is what a carriage makes in a road.
My 4, 7, 6, is what farmers do with seeds.
My 10, 7, 1, is opposite to cold.
My 9, 10, 11, is the possessive case of thou.
My 9, 7, 8, 11, is the name of one of the English political parties.
My whole is what we all ought to be.

J. W. WELLS.

ENIGMA XXXIII.

I AM composed of twenty-five letters.
My 8, 19, 15, 21, is to watch.
My 6, 10, 12, 13, is a part of a house.
My 6, 2, 14, 23, is a part of a harness.
My 1, 7, 20, 24, 17, rhymes with lance.
My 16, 25, 22, 18, is the opposite of shallow.
My 3, 5, 9, 11, is a person mentioned in the first of the Bible.
My 4, 7, 21, is a small boy.
My whole is what we celebrate.

C. W. C.

ENIGMA XXXIV.

I AM composed of nineteen letters.
My 15, 10, 2, 4, 3, may be found in many copy-books.
My 12, 5, 6, 4, 18, 17, 16, 19, is to be stubborn.
My 7, 11, 10, 13, 3, can always be found at a drug-store.
My 3, 4, 17, 16, can be seen on a clear night.
My 1, 8, 18, 3, 4, is to rend asunder.
My 9, 2, 14, 13, can be done by heat only.
My whole is the name of a public institution in a city of New England.

DUNCAN F. FRANCIS.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN NO. 14.

Enigma XXVII. Stove.
Enigma XXVIII. Constantinople.
Enigma XXIX. Judge not, that ye be not judged.

For Youngest Readers.

BILLY BARLOW AND MARY JANE.

BY MRS. EMILY BROOKS.



his little mistress, Myrtle, had taught him a number of the cunningest tricks, which he would go through with when he could stop long enough. Myrtle had made

the funniest little muslin cap, adorned with a bow of black ribbon; and with that tied on his head he would sit up straight on his haunches, cross his little paws, and with a mournful expression on his face would look like a little old woman in a ruffled cap.

A piece of candy timely administered would make his eyes twinkle, and a promise of more would make him smile. This was accomplished by his opening his mouth a little, drawing back his upper lip; and showing all his little white teeth in a grin, which was extremely funny, and made everybody laugh with the dog.

Once a week Billy had his bath and a vigorous combing of his long, soft hair, and was decorated with a blue ribbon. Billy always protested strongly against such proceedings, which were carried out by a big red-headed girl called "Cindy."

I was informed that the young woman really rejoiced in the name of Cinderella, — not, however, from any noticeable smallness of her feet. It is quite probable that the name was bestowed before her feet had attained their growth.

It is also true that Billy Barlow seemed to know when Friday came. Long before Cindy was ready to give him a scrubbing, he was securely hidden in some dark corner; and the sight of Cindy with a towel on her arm and determination in her eye was enough to set Billy in a quiver from his ears to the tip of his little tail.

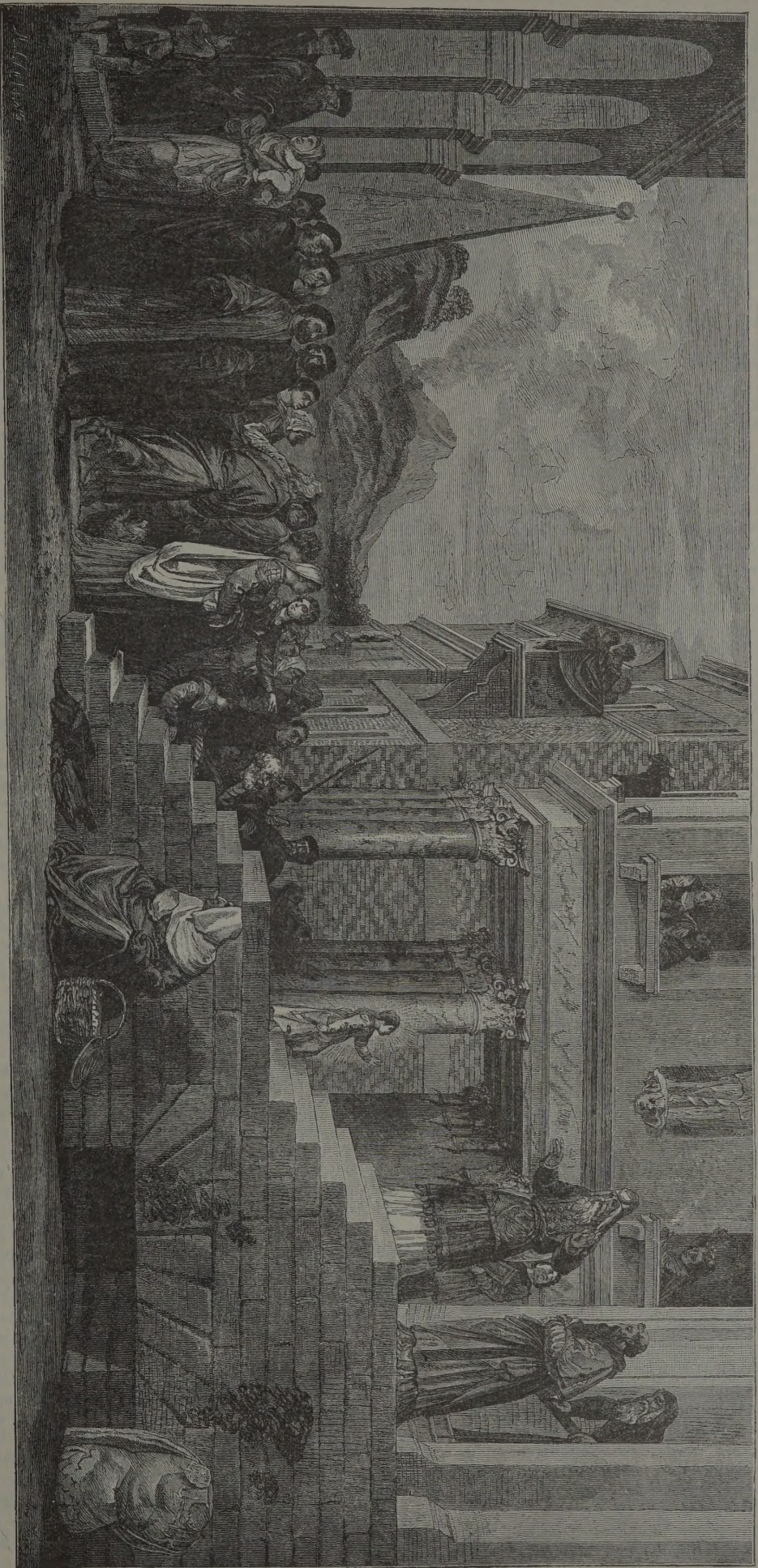
Billy Barlow had many admirers, but had also one great trouble, which was almost greater than he could bear. Billy's trial was named Mary Jane, and she was as black as a coal. She was much smaller than Billy, and was never quiet five minutes at a time.

Billy was a great coward, and was not in the least fond of kittens; and he was mortally afraid of Mary Jane. If she chose to put her nose in Billy's breakfast dish, and Billy growled, a sharp tap on the nose from Mary Jane's paw, which looked so soft, but was, alas, beset with many thorns, would reduce Billy to submission immediately.

One morning, however, kitty had been unusually troublesome; and when Billy was rigged out in his cap and asked to make a tableau, Mary Jane made a spring from the sofa on Billy's head. A yelp of rage from Billy, a lively scramble of black and white fur, and Mary Jane made a lively rush for the back-yard, with Billy in hot pursuit. The kitten made a scramble for the fence; and Billy Barlow, with his cap very much on one side, encouraged by the laughter of the children, barked till he was hoarse.

From that day Billy had it all his own way; and after a time the white dog and the black kitten became great friends.

"He doubles
His troubles
Who borrows
To-morrows."



PRESENTATION OF THE VIRGIN IN THE TEMPLE.

FROM A PAINTING BY TITIAN, NOW IN THE ACADEMY OF VENICE.

"Thine . . . Virgin Mary, sprung from the royal race and family of David, was born in the city of Nazareth, and educated at Jerusalem, in the temple of the Lord.

"Her father's name was Jochum, and her mother's Anna. . . . Their lives were plain and right in the sight of the Lord, pious and faultless before all men.

"And when three years were expired . . . they brought the Virgin to the temple of the Lord, with offerings.

"And there were about the temple . . . fifteen stairs to ascend.

"The parents . . . of the infant Mary put her upon one of these stairs; but while they were putting off their clothes in which they had travelled, and, according to custom, putting on some that were more neat and clean, in the mean time the Virgin . . . in such a manner went up all the stairs one after another, without the help of

any to lead or lift her, that any one would have judged from hence that she was of perfect age.

"But the parents having offered up their sacrifice according to the custom of the law, and perfected their vow, left the Virgin with other virgins in the apartments of the temple, who were to be brought up there, and they returned home."

From the Gospel of the Birth of Mary, in the Apocryphal N. T.

Open Leaves from Nature's Book.

"BREKEKEKEX KOAX KOAX."

(Aristophanes.)

Translated from the German of LOUIS HASCHERT for
EVERY OTHER SUNDAY.

FROGS see and hear well; they find pleasure in living; they also show some skill in the capture of small insects. All this has been well known for many years; but our knowledge of their courage in seizing larger animals is due to the observation of naturalists of the present day.

Lenz relates in his Natural History that the aquatic frog consumes a multitude of little fishes, and that it searches about for a brood of little ones in the ground-bird's nest, and devours them. The intelligence of the frog is shown by the following incident:—

A large aquatic frog tried to swallow a small green frog which it had seized from behind. The latter struggled with all its might, so that it stuck in the neck of the larger frog, its head protruding from the throat; no attempt at choking it down availed. However, the old frog soon found a way. It pushed with force against the trunk of a tree. The unlucky little one uttered a lamentable cry, but after several efforts the larger one succeeded in pushing it completely down its gullet.

The most intelligent of all frogs appears to be the tree-frog (or, as it is sometimes called in this country, tree-toad). It is recognized by its bright, sparkling eyes, as by its green color it conceals itself in the foliage.

A friend invited me one day to accompany him in an excursion into the country. As we passed by his house he stopped to get a net for catching insects, in order not to fail to bring home a few large flies for his tree-frog.

We found no flies, however,—nothing but one large wasp. I urged my friend not to hurt the poor frog; but he answered that perhaps we should make a discovery,—either that the insect-poison did not affect the cold-blooded amphibia, or that the wasp would not sting it. In the mean time we had entered the house and stepped up the staircase. As soon as the tree-frog heard its master coming, it came up the little ladder standing in the large aquarium, where there was plenty of fresh moss for the frog's comfort. As we entered the room, it was just climbing the uppermost round. How it must have rejoiced at the sight of the dainty, and what a disappointment must it have experienced! My friend removed the cover from the aquarium, and called "Hans," at the same time throwing to the poor fellow, instead of a fly—a wasp. Snap,—it disappeared; but immediately the frog threw back its head and cast away the poisonous thing.

We found a few flies and tried to appease it, but all in vain; it would not take anything more, but descended its little ladder, and like a grieved child went into a corner to sulk.

My friend had taken the best possible care of this tree-frog for twelve months, but it had never taken anything directly from his hand. Whenever he came into the room, the frog hurried up the ladder to meet him; it snapped up what he threw to it, but it always looked mistrustfully out of its bright eyes, as though it would say, "I will never come any nearer; let me have what I can catch for myself." And there it stayed.

Glaser tells of a tree-frog which he had kept in captivity for three years, and which had become so confiding that it would take flies out of his hand. If he brought it a small insect, it

would follow all his movements with sparkling eyes, while keeping perfectly still. It willingly allowed itself to be taken in his hand out of the aquarium, and often left it to tarry for a time in another part of the room, returning of itself to its home.

From all this we conclude that in the old poetical fable of the spiritual nature of frogs their worth was more nearly recognized than in the present practical age; for although they apparently take so humble a place, they possess intelligence, and display in their actions a kind of wisdom not always found in more highly organized animals. We observe especially that frogs are endowed with memory, by which they are enabled to avoid peril.

LETTERS TO THE "VIM CLUB."

No. 16.

The Cathedral of Nôtre-Dame.

DID you ever hear, my dear "Vims," of a "poem in stone"? That is the name given by an eminent writer to a certain doorway of this wonderful Cathedral.

The history of the church you must read for yourselves, as time and space would forbid my writing it. You will find it very interesting; for it has been built and rebuilt, destroyed by mobs, and disfigured by so-called "improvements," besides being nearly destroyed by fire. When the Revolution broke out, many of the beautiful statues and carvings were ruined. In 1845 it was repaired, and now this vast building is the delight of all travellers and the pride of every true Frenchman.

The different galleries of Nôtre-Dame, the niches and lofty stories,—each adorned with statuary, sculpture, and delicate carving,—all impress you strangely. A little American girl exclaimed, as she viewed it from the outside, "Is that just *one* church? It looks like ever so many all put together." When she was taken into some of the chapels, and shown the various portals, so exquisitely carved that one could spend hours in examining them, her large eyes grew larger, as she said, with a sigh of relief, "Oh, I am so glad that I do not come to Sunday-school here. I should be sure to get lost."

To me, the finest portal is the one known as *Portail de la Vierge*. This is the one which has justly been called "a poem in stone." The central figure, as you may judge from the name, is that of the Virgin, holding the Christ-child. She is surrounded by figures of prophets and kings, all so exquisitely carved that the faces seem to tell you their thoughts and feelings. Saints, angels, the apostles, animals, men, and women,—yes, even the earth and sea, with flowers and trees,—are represented in this wonderful portal. Think of this work, boys and girls, and then remember that it was executed by artists in the thirteenth century.

Let us pass through the portal, and enter the church. It is very dark, so dark you cannot see anything at first. If you are wise, you will hold your hands over your eyes for a second or two, until the brightness of the outside world is shut out, and then you will begin to look about you. You will then see first the brilliant stained glass, and gradually other things will come into view.

The church is in the form of a Latin cross, and it will be well to keep this in mind as you move about. The length of Nôtre-Dame is three hundred and ninety feet; and if you would see

the top of the vaulting, you must look up more than one hundred feet.

The chapels are not very interesting to me, with their tombs and statues, although I like to linger over the carvings and sometimes touch the stone. It seems all so strange to touch with your warm fingers the cold, hard substance, which has a story to tell in two ways,—of the other live fingers which created the figures, and the representations themselves.

We will pass on into the Treasury, to see the precious relics which were spared when so many were destroyed in the Revolution. "The crown of thorns" and the nail of "the true cross" are not shown you save on Fridays in Lent. That does not trouble us much, for we have plenty to see; and I know you will be interested in the enormous candlestick presented by the first Napoleon. You know it was here in Nôtre-Dame that Napoleon and Josephine were crowned.

The mention of a candlestick suggests to me that the old story of the long taper may be new to some of you. I never forget that some of our members are dear, patient invalids, and dwellers in remote towns and villages. As such members of the Club cannot meet with us, we must give them a generous slice of our good things; for hundreds of boys and girls are just beginning to find out that "knowledge is power." When one of the Club was a very small boy, he asked a great many questions about the stars; and one night, after more than a dozen questions had been answered, and he was told to wait until the following night to learn a little more, the boy looked up, and said, with a sigh long enough and strong enough for a grown man, "But, Mamma dear, I can't wait, there's such a many things to know!" We grown-up people find it just as hard to wait sometimes, for there is always "such a many things" we long to know and cannot find time for.

Now for our taper. You must know, then, that the people of Paris were in sore distress after the battle of Poitiers; and in order to obtain relief from their woes they made a vow to give to Nôtre-Dame every year a taper as long as the city. That was all very well in 1437, when this offering was first made; but Paris continued to grow and grow, and by-and-by no taper could equal her length; so instead of a taper they used a silver lamp, which it was decreed must always be kept burning.

We must not pause for more stories, as I want you to ascend at least one of the towers. It is a long way, but the stairs are easy, and once up you will be much amused by the birds and beasts which are carved and placed upon the parapet. Now look about upon Paris. Only one word will answer to describe the view, and that is *magnificent*. You do not wish to speak or be spoken to. You look and think and wonder, while the sounds of the great city come up to you clearly.

It is all grand; and yet another picture came before me, although I tried to forget it. Behind the Cathedral is the Place Nôtre-Dame, where the morgue is located. There the unfortunate dead are carried, and there people go to look for their lost friends. The mere sound of the name recalled a sad experience of the day before. We were slowly crossing one of the bridges over the Seine, when suddenly we saw two policemen seize a man, throw him down, and kneel upon him, while one pounded him as he struggled to be free. A crowd gathered, and I drew near to ask what he had done. "Oh, nothing, Miss," said a bystander; "he was going to kill himself by

jumping over. He was starving, I suppose; many of them are."

I protested, with tears in my eyes, against such brutality, but the bystanders merely smiled. One man, in rough clothes, came near me, and said in a low tone, "God bless you, Miss, you are from America. They do not let people starve on the streets there. If you lived here long, you would n't mind."

"I should mind seeing even a dog tortured," I said, "if I lived here a thousand years!"

Let us hope his words are true, — that we would not suffer such things in America. It is sometimes said that our police are not over tender in their treatment of drunkards and criminals. But you can remedy this, my boys, if you will; for when older you can vote only for men who are too noble and too kind to abuse a suffering fellow-creature.

I will tell you more of Paris in my next.

Faithfully your President,

KATE TANNATT WOODS.

HOW MOLLIE WAS CURED.

BY KATE SUMNER GATES.



HEALTHIER-LOOKING, rosier-cheeked little girl than Mollie Dayton would be hard to find; but it was astonishing how many aches and pains she had.

"Mollie," her mother would say when she came in from school, "don't take your things off, I want you to go down street for me."

Instantly Mollie's face would lengthen.

"Oh, Mamma, please don't send me way down there; I'm so tired I ache all over. Can't Tom or Annie go?"

"Won't you run upstairs, Mollie, and get my memorandum book on the bureau in our room," said Papa as he rose from the tea-table.

And Mollie, with a long-drawn sigh, would go wearily on her way.

"Come, Mollie, dear, and get your Sunday-school lesson," sister Annie would say Saturday evening.

"I can't study even the least little bit, my head aches so," Mollie would answer almost invariably.

"I am getting quite anxious about Mollie," said Papa, one day. "I think if she is not better soon we shall have to do something about her health; no little girl ought to have so many aches and pains as she has."

Mollie looked up a little doubtfully; she was not always quite sure whether Papa was in earnest or not, but there was not the least suspicion of a smile on his face.

The next day was Saturday, and Mollie had plans of her own for spending it. She wanted to make a dress in the morning for Clementina, out of a pretty piece of blue cashmere that Annie had given her; and in the afternoon she meant to go over to Susie Potter's. She hurried off upstairs right after breakfast, and was just getting to work when Mamma called.

"Come down, Mollie, as quickly as you can; I want you to stone some raisins right off."

Mollie's face fell.

"It will take an hour and a half to stone those horrid old raisins, I know, and then there'll be something else to do," she said fretfully to herself.

"Come, Mollie, I'm in a hurry," called Mamma.

A few minutes after, Mollie came dragging into the kitchen.

"I should think Annie might stone the raisins," she said; "my head aches ever so bad, and it will make it lots worse to stay here in this hot kitchen."

Mamma was just about to say something when Papa appeared from the dining-room, to Mollie's surprise.

"I think we must attend to Mollie at once," he said, gravely; "these headaches are getting chronic, and I am afraid will be serious if we don't break them up. Put some thoroughwort on, Helen, and Mollie you go right upstairs and lie down."

"But, Papa," began Mollie; but Papa would not hear a word; and Mollie, much chagrined, had to go upstairs and lie down.

Mamma came up soon with some of that dreadful thoroughwort, and proceeded to darken the room.

"Why, I'm not going to lie here, Mamma!" exclaimed Mollie.

"Yes, dear, Papa said you must; he is very anxious about your headaches. I am so sorry you should have had one to-day; for we have just had a telephone from Uncle Frank, saying that he and Aunt Lottie and the children would spend the day with us."

Mollie sprang up at once. "Oh, isn't that perfectly splendid: why didn't you tell me at first?"

"But, my dear, you forget you have a headache and must lie down. Papa will tell you when he thinks it best for you to get up."

Poor little Mollie, how she did cry after Mamma had left her. It was so hard to have to lie there in that dark room, and hear them all hurrying about so happily. Then the bell rang, and she heard all their voices, — Uncle Frank's, Auntie's, Will's, and Daisy's. How they all laughed and talked; Mollie fairly wailed in her misery, and she was sure that there was never such a long morning before.

At dinner-time Annie brought her some dry toast and "cambric tea."

"Oh, Mollie, it is too bad you're sick to-day, we are having such a beautiful time."

Mollie had cried her tears all out, so now she turned her face to the wall and thought.

A suspicion of the truth began to dawn upon her; and the more she thought about it, the more ashamed she grew.

By-and-by, when they were through dinner, Papa came up to see her.

"Oh, Papa," she cried, as he came and sat beside her, "I'm truly better now. I don't believe it will be chronic after all, 'cause you see — I — was only just ever so naughty and selfish; but I've thought and thought, and I'll try real hard to be good now, truly I will. Will you forgive me, now?"

You may be sure that Papa was only too glad to do so; and I have not known of Mollie's having any more headaches from that day to this.

"THE PRESENTATION OF THE VIRGIN IN THE TEMPLE."

(See Page 125.)

TITIAN, one of the greatest Italian painters, and probably the greatest colorist the world has ever seen, painted this picture about 1545, at a time when he was at the height of his fame. The story from which he took his subject is found in one of the Apocryphal books of the New Testament, from which we have quoted. The picture "is incomparable in color, and presents a cheerful company from all classes in life, filled with curiosity and interest."

There is a tradition in Venice that the old woman sitting in the foreground with her basket of eggs, is a portrait of Titian's mother; but we can find no authority for the statement. The picture shows us some of the most magnificent buildings of the Venice of Titian's day; but the chief interest of the picture centres in the figure of the Virgin. The sweet little girl, dressed in light-blue with blond hair encircled by a golden aureole, causes one to forget all the surroundings. The High Priest has come out to meet her, and she returns his greetings with childlike and joyous simplicity as she climbs the high steps. One looks long at her sweet face, and goes again and again to see her. It is a picture to be remembered.

Teachers' Department.

THE QUEEN OF SHEBA: WHO AND WHAT WAS SHE?

A Little Inquisitive Exposition.

BY A. T. W.

SOME suppose, in view of the long commercial intercourse that had existed between her country and Jerusalem, that the queen of Sheba was of Jewish parentage, — therefore a Jewess, therefore a monotheist, and of the faith of Abraham, and derive this idea from the first clause of 1 Kings x. 9. But it will be noted that she invokes the blessing of *thy* God here, not *our* God. The weight of proof is to the contrary of all this; and it is probable that she was a pagan and a Sabian; that is, a worshipper of the heavenly bodies as deities. The Abyssinians say she was a pagan when she left Azab, but was converted to Judaism at Jerusalem.

Apparently she was a woman learned — which is remarkable — in that sort of knowledge almost peculiar to Palestine, not to the pagans; for one of the reasons of her coming was to find out whether Solomon was really the learned man he was said to be. She went to Jerusalem to try him in allegories, parables, or riddles, — a species of knowledge in which the learned Jews were experts and in which Solomon had been instructed by Nathan. It is a curious fact that the Abyssinians, both Jew and Christian, believe the Forty-fifth Psalm to be a prophecy of the queen's journey to Jerusalem; that she was attended by a daughter of Hiram from Tyre to Jerusalem; and that the last part of the psalm contains a declaration of her having a son, one Amilek, by Solomon, who was to be king over a nation of Gentiles.

Where was Saba, or Azab, or Sheba?

Many of the late commentators place it in Arabia; but the preponderance of evidence fixes it as Abyssinia. In support of this it may be said that this country produced everything named in the presents which the queen took up to Jerusalem, while Arabia did not and does not produce them. Besides, the Abyssinian traditions from the earliest times are constant to the following points; namely, that their queen — they call her Maqueda — returned to Saba with the aforesaid Amilek Bar-Solomon, and after some years sent him back to be instructed by his father; that Solomon — we are to suppose after an exhaustive course of religion and ethics — anointed and crowned him king of Ethiopia in the temple at Jerusalem, and gave him the name of David; that David returned to Saba, or Sheba, with a good many learned Jews in his train; and that after a reign of forty years — let us hope peaceful and prosperous — the beloved lady and queen Maqueda died in 986 B. C. In the queen's retinue on her return went many doctors of the law of Moses, particularly one from each tribe, to make judges of in her kingdom, from whom the present or late supreme judges are said and believed to be descended. Among them was Azarias, son of Zadok the priest, who took with him a Hebrew transcript of the law. All Abyssinia

was thereupon converted, and the government of the Church and State modelled according to what was then in use at Jerusalem.

Not only does Abyssinia hold these traditions, but they are still believed by all the surrounding nations. I remember that when England had a war with that country some twenty years ago, and de-throned Theodore, its king, it was said that the Abyssinians traced their royal lineage in a direct line back to our esteemed friends Solomon and Maqueda, and had the genealogy complete. The best, indeed nearly all the credible, evidence goes to show that the queen of Sheba was queen of Abyssinia; and after all these centuries, Jewish names and Jewish physiognomy, besides multitudes of Hebrew words in their language, are marked characteristics of the race, and go very far to support their traditions.

I am tenacious on this point of locality, because at the time of the English war just spoken of I was very much interested in all the accounts, and greatly surprised at the many proofs furnished of the descent of the Abyssinian kings from the house of Israel, — proofs which, taken with those already on record, were amply sufficient to establish to my mind the authenticity of their traditions.

What the modern writers base their Arabian theory on, I do not know, and doubt if it have any basis worthy of consideration. Our Lord called Maqueda the queen of the South, — Saba, Azab, and Sheba all mean "south," — and said she came from the uttermost parts of the earth. Would he have said this of an Arabian, whose country reached almost as far north as Jerusalem?

THE Channing Hall Talk for the afternoon of February 15 was given by Rev. W. W. Fenn, on the parable of the Prodigal Son (Luke xv. 11-32).

Mr. Fenn said that this parable was told to reprove the scribes and Pharisees, and show them how unnatural and contemptible was their treatment of the publicans and sinners, their fellow-men. Two parables aiming at this same point had already been told: one, that of the man and his lost sheep, and the other that of the woman and her lost piece of silver. In each was shown the friendly feeling of the neighbors rejoicing over the recovery of the lost. This parable made the climax. The rejoicing here was over the return of a lost soul. When the publicans and sinners were coming back to the Father, the Pharisees could only grumble; they were like the older brother in the parable, who murmured at his father's welcome to the prodigal. The parable is sometimes called that of the Lost Son. It might be asked which was the lost son, and the question be found hard to answer; for while vicious indulgence destroys the spiritual life of man, that spiritual life is destroyed as well by atrophy as by unlawful pleasure. The man who is making gain the object of his life is destroying his soul just as much as the prodigal son did.

Jesus gives no exact account of the young man's life; he leaves that for the uncharitable judgment of the older brother. But in the story as here told, we find three traits of surpassing manliness in the prodigal. They show that he had had a good home-training, and that the honor of his father was within him. In the very same place where he had wrecked his fortune and fallen out from his career of splendor, he was not ashamed to turn to honest work and take what a Jew considers the most degrading of tasks, — the care of swine. Then the purpose to return to his father was a manly one. He was willing to acknowledge his error and, not looking for forgiveness, be glad to be taken back as a menial; and that, moreover, in the town in which he had lived in good repute and ease. It takes more courage to do a thing of this kind than nine men out of ten would have. When his father, to his great surprise, gave him so full and overflowing a forgiveness, the young man gave evidence again of the same manly spirit. He could have made an attempt, by ingenious excuse, to palliate his offences and represent him-

self as the victim of evil-doers. But in his father's presence, with the words on his lips which he framed in his heart in that far country when he resolved to return and ask for forgiveness, he showed himself to be truthful as well as capable of honesty and moral bravery. He proved himself to have a generous, loving heart; and it is more than probable that through this very tenderness he was led astray. Jesus teaches in this parable that just the way the father received the prodigal son, the Heavenly Father will receive his erring and penitent children. While finding admirable qualities in the prodigal, we must not and cannot forget what his life had been. He had squandered the inheritance his father had given him, and also his physical health, purity of soul, and freshness of life. Never could he regain all he had lost. The older brother was still heir to all the father had, but could not find love enough in his heart to share with his sinning brother. So it was with these Pharisees. Jesus used this story to show them how little love was theirs. God's laws bear no grudges against any one. The law of God's forgiveness means an opportunity for every one.

At the close of Mr. Fenn's remarks the subject was further expanded by questions from his listeners; and this bringing together of speaker and audience was a very pleasant and helpful part of the afternoon's lesson.

THE Channing Hall Talk for the 8th of March was given by Rev. W. W. Fenn, who took up the topic of the Parables of the Kingdom.

Mr. Fenn said it was not easy to locate the exact spot where the telling of these parables occurred, Matthew's and Mark's accounts of Jesus' journeyings after the crisis at Philippi Cæsarea not corresponding to that of Luke till the point of Jericho is reached, on his route to Jerusalem. The local environment is all that is needed, however, to make plain the *raison d'être* of these parables. Jesus had been bidden to a feast in the house of a Pharisee, and a contention arising as to who should have the chief seat, he rebuked them by telling a story of guests who, on being bidden to a wedding feast, took the lowest seat, and were invited to come up higher in reward for their modesty. This story, as popularly told, has a vulgar tone. It savors of a humility which may be assumed for a while for the sake of a personal gain later on. It may be said that Jesus, in giving this story, was adapting the form of it to the lower natures about him; but this was never true of any of his utterances. It is rather the popular phrasing of the lesson he gave which has been handed down. The truth he taught was that of the necessity of humility, — that humility of the upward look which shows a man what he ought to be and can be. The man who has not before him the vision of the better life that he ought to be living is not in the kingdom of God. No man can be in this kingdom without seeing that he could be a great deal better than he is. These parables are called the parables of the kingdom, and the first law of that kingdom is the law of humility.

The next parable — that of the class of guests who should be bidden to the rich man's feast — was addressed to the host, and the promise was given of reward at the time of the resurrection of the just. This phrase raises an interesting question as to Jesus' belief in the two resurrections taught by the Jews, — that of the just, who were to be raised for glory, and that of the unjust, later on, who were to be raised for punishment. This was part of the Messianic hope; but it cannot be said that Jesus taught it because he used on this occasion, as also once in the Gospel of John, a thought which was universally current among the Jews. The teaching of this parable is that of another law of the kingdom, — that of faith. We are not to work for present rewards, but for ends that are out of sight. That is the very essence of faith. It is not by grasping at rewards that we secure them; they come by a law of moral gravitation. No man has any business to devote himself to rounding out his

life; let him work along till death cuts it off square.

The third parable — again of a feast, to which the guests who were invited did not come, but sent many and varying excuses — gave Jesus an opportunity to teach the evil consequences of letting some one thing, good in itself and possibly harmless, stand in the way of a greater good. Men are kept from the higher life, not only by the pursuit of evil, but also by the pursuit of things that are good. The social and intellectual life is often a barrier. A man's very help becomes his hindrance. The third law of the kingdom is to strive always for the best, and not be kept back by the merely good.

These three parables present to us the same truth in giving three aspects of the life of faith, which is the kingdom of God. The man of faith believes in an unseen and higher good, and humbles himself before it; the man of faith strives to reach an unseen point, without hope of reward; and the man of faith also believes that there is something better than the seeming good around him, to which he should direct his steps.

THE indifferent teacher! Sadly we pen the paradoxical phrase, because while it suggests a paradox, it stands for a reality. We wish no indifferent person would accept. We wish all who have accepted would resign. They might as well. They will accomplish just as much good. They will be out of the way. You might as well put a babe into the arms of a wooden effigy or a snow figure, as a nurse, as to give a class to such a — we can't strain far enough to say "teacher."

STUDY the life of Jesus, because he is the highest reachable channel of God's transforming energy. He was and is the Courageous and Disinterested One. Neglect no subordinate source of moral inspiration, but make him the centre, as he is. Not the details, but only the grand outline of his life is given in the Biographies, because only the grand outline is necessary, — he gave himself for the world. Then, as his vast courage and love begin to leaven your spirit, you will begin to throw off your evil, your littleness, your selfishness, your sin. You will experience the expulsive power of a new affection, and your spirit will expand with its new energies to the grandeur of life's real meaning opportunities. — *Sunday-School Helper*.

"Each class is a little parish, the members of which the teacher must visit and know in their homes and home-life, and have visit him (or her)."

In the same way is not a Sunday-school a larger parish, and does not a superintendent fail of influence who does not visit his teachers?

I REMEMBER the gleams and glooms that dart

Across the schoolboy's brain;
The song and the silence in the heart,
That in part are prophecies, and in part
Are longings wild and vain.

And the voice of that fitful song
Sings on, and is never still:

"A boy's will is the wind's will,
And the thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts."

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